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NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1904.

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GOOD BOY!



"DON'T BE GROUCHY!"

TOMFOOLERY

DRAWINGS AND LIMERICKS BY

J. M. FLAGG

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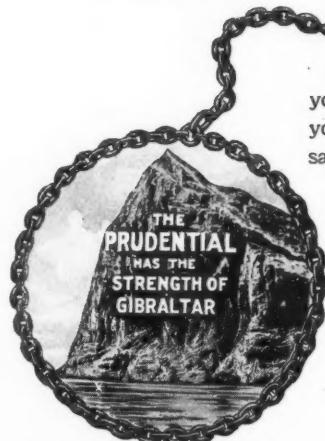
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The Saratoga Races

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

Meeting Ends August 25th

ORDER OF FIXED EVENTS—1904

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th
THE TRAVERS, 3-year-olds

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST
10th
THE GRAND UNION HOTEL,
2-year-olds

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11th
THE DELAWARE, 3-year-olds and
upward

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12th
THE TROY, 2-year-olds

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th
THE HOPEFUL, 2-year-olds
THE SARATOGA DERBY, 3-year-
olds
THE SHILLELAH, 4-year-olds and
upward

MONDAY, AUGUST 15th
THE KENTUCKY, fillies 2 years old

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16th
THE MERCHANTS' AND CITI-
ZENS', 3-year-olds and upward

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST
17th
THE SENECA, 3-year-olds

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18th
THE ALBANY, 2-year-olds

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19th
THE HURON, 3-year-olds

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20th
THE UNITED STATES HOTEL,
2-year-olds
THE SARATOGA CUP, 3-year-olds
and upward
THE NORTH AMERICAN, 4-year-
olds and upward

MONDAY, AUGUST 22d
THE AMSTERDAM, 3-year-olds and
upward

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23d
THE CHAMPLAIN, 3-year-olds and
upward

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST
24th
THE ADIRONDACK, 2-year-olds

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25th
THE SARANAC, 3-year-olds

FIRST RACE AT 2:15 EACH DAY

F. R. HITCHCOCK, President
J. AGOSTINI, Secretary

ANDREW MILLER, Treasurer

LIFE



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Soliloquy.

FORTUNATE that he does not see me.
—It gives me an opportunity to look him over
for the first time—from a distance.
—I never realized before, however, how short he is.
—I must be a head taller than he.
—That reminds me that I must be careful not to walk
out with him. We should be seen together only when we
are sitting.
—The last time we met, he said he thought I was cold.
I was not conscious of it.

—He is always very ardent. It amuses me greatly.
—He has money.
—He thinks I am very beautiful. Such common-
places weary me.
—I might marry him, if it were not for his unfortunate
size.
Still—

All's Well.

BRIGGS: Poor Jasper! He miserably failed in his
examination for locomotive engineer.

GRIGGS: But I understand he has obtained a fine job
as chauffeur.

Unvolatile.

WE are indebted to Mr. James Huneker for the in-
formation that the music of Richard Strauss presents
"the ethics of Spinoza ravished by the rhetoric of
Nietzsche."

The Germans are not a volatile people.
Had this occurred in the South, no doubt somebody
would have been lynched.

PARKER AND ROOSEVELT—"The Mummy and
the Humming Bird."



"POOR LITTLE FROGGIE! I'LL BET THERE WAS A MOSQUITO
IN YOUR ROOM LAST NIGHT."

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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DOCTOR ANDREW D. WHITE admits that he will vote for Roosevelt. He says: "I am an admirer of President Roosevelt, and while

I have great respect for Judge Parker, I believe that his close connection with David

B. Hill should be sufficient to prejudice him in the mind of every right-thinking citizen of New York."

We don't think Doctor White needs to make any excuses for voting for Doctor Roosevelt. Of course he will vote for him.

Hasn't he always been a Republican? Didn't Major McKinley appoint him Ambassador to Berlin? Who else but Roosevelt would he vote for? He need not apologize. The Colonel is worthy of his support.

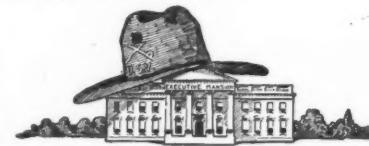
But if he did need an excuse, how good is this excuse that he has made? "Parker's close connection with Hill ought to scare good citizens!" Of course it won't scare Democrats. All the gold Democrats and most of the gold-brick Democrats are likely to vote for Parker this year if they really are Democrats, or ever expect again to vote the Democratic ticket. They can't stop for a little thing like Hill. Good Democratic Presidential candidates have been too scarce of late for Eastern Democrats to deny their votes to Parker on the ground that he is on speaking terms with Hill.

But how about the independent

voter? Will the Hill spectre scare him off? Must the Judge in his speech of acceptance denounce all treaties and alliances with Uncle David?

Must or not, of course he won't. Senator Hill is not a source of strength to Judge Parker. A good many voters who are going to vote for the Judge would be glad to have a guarantee that a victory for their candidate will not cause Mr. Hill to be Mr. Hay's successor in the State Department. But such a guarantee is impossible. When they vote for Parker, they vote to put the Republicans out and the Democrats in, and they will have to take their chances on Hill and all the rest.

After all, Mr. Hill's long suit is prudence. He would not do anything that was unduly rash, even if Judge Parker would let him. No one has anything to fear from Uncle David, except the Democrats.



DOCTOR ROOSEVELT has accepted the Republican nomination. It was brought to him at Oyster Bay on July 27 by Uncle Joseph Cannon and some other gentlemen. Uncle Joseph told the President what a doubtful character Judge Parker was, and what an awful blow it would be to the country to have him elected. Then he told him about the Republican party, and how sweet it was, and what it had done, and how it was always in power except when the country got ripe for Divine displeasure. It is delightful to hear Uncle Joe talk formally about the Republican party. He gets a nice shroud on it, puts flowers in its hands, burns incense, scatters perfumes, and makes you feel that it is really too good a thing to be working in so faulty a world as this, and, if it got its dues, it would be boxed up and placed under a monument. He spoke handsomely of the President, too, and handing out the nomination, exhorted him to take it and run with it for all he was worth.

The President said he would be glad to sign with the Republican party for another term. He confided to his callers that he did not wholly trust the Democrats, nor confide in their claim

that they would as soon have sound money, now, as any kind. He felt sure that if the tariff *should* need tinkering, the Republican tariff-smiths were the only ones fit to touch the job. He said the Government we had been living under of late couldn't be beat and ought to go on. Omitting to say what he thought of the "Force-bill" plank in the Republican platform, he took the nomination from Uncle Joe, and gave it to Mr. George B. Cortelyou to put in the safe.



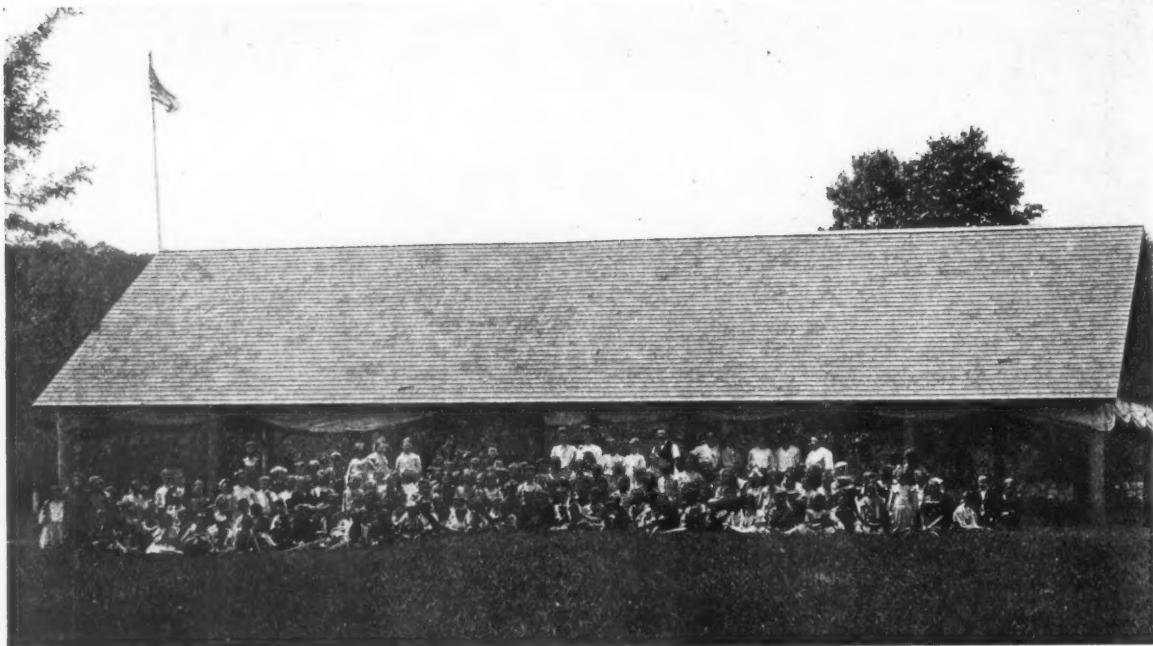
THE meat strike is under way again and proceeding at this writing so vigorously as to promise inconvenience to carnivorous citizens. After its temporary settlement it broke out afresh over a question of reinstating the strikers. That is always bound to be a vital question in any great strike. The result of the coal strike up to this date has been that the miners got rather better wages, the coal roads and companies much better rates and prices, and that the price of coal has been permanently raised. We shall see in due time whether analogous results come from the meat strike. At present the public views the situation without inclining perceptibly to either side in the dispute. The public's sympathies are with itself, and there is probably where they belong.



IT is impossible to mourn for Plehve, the murdered Russian Minister. In American eyes he was the foremost representative of what is worst and most ominous in Russian Government. We want to see Russia advance in civilization and prosperity. We believe Plehve and his kind held her back. We cannot mourn for him, but we lament his assassination, because we disbelieve utterly in political murder. That five thousand people (largely Anarchists) should have met in Cooper Union, in New York, to applaud an assassin seems to us an abominable abuse of American liberty.



WHEN THE WEATHER BECOMES AN ARTICLE OF COMMERCE.



A GROUP AT THE FRESH-AIR FARM.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,733.06
S. S. H.....	10.00
Berrie, Molly, Ned and George.....	25.00
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Bessie E. Dunham.....	2.00
Larry.....	2.00
"In Memory of Mrs. Jessie Holmes Aycock," New Orleans.....	10.00
	\$4,910.06

Also from Mrs. H. P. Morgan, Providence, a bundle of clothing.

POSTALS TO LIFE'S FARM

Dear Mrs. Moore:—Having a few leisure moments to express my disposal I thought I would write you a few lines. I am very thankful to you for what you did for us in the country. I enjoyed myself very much, and you & Mr. Moore could not be any kinder little lonesome when I went home but I was glad to see my Mother.

When I came up the stairs she did not know me
she stood looking at me.

I told her who I was, she was so delighted to see me. She said she was a little lonesome for me. But she looked it over and said as long as I was well and having a good time she felt a little better. Please tell all of the folks I was asking for them all and wishing they will spend a good summer up there. I would like to be up there for two more weeks but my Mother would be lonesome.

N. Y. C., June 28, 1904.

Dear Miss Mohr: We arrived home safely and

mamma was very glad to see us. I thank you very much for letting us have such a pleasant time. I will be out there next summer if God spares me and I will bring my little brother with me.

Anaz.

The author has photographed every accessible spot, character and picture mentioned in Browning's works, including every yard of his walk from the stall where he bought his old yellow book of "The Ring and the Book" to his lodgings.—*Advertisement of a Biography of Mr. Robert Browning.*

WHAT'S the matter with ana? Of vastly more consequence are the inconsequential things of consequential persons than the consequential things of inconsequential persons.

Thus, if one be a master, he owes it to posterity to put boots on his hands and get down on all fours, in order to make as many tracks as possible in the sands of time.

But when, you perhaps ask, is one a master?

Ah, there's the rub. Some say it is when one starves to death; others, when he ceases to write rot; others, when his rot ceases to come back from the publishers. Let us use our judgment. In any case, we should carefully preserve all our rubbish, for there is no knowing what minute Fortune will smile and change it all into ana.

The Match.

OLD TARIFF is a crooked chap
With vices deep embedded:
Yet to him Miss Democracy
Is anxious to be wedded.

For, like the fair sex, she would try
With winning ways to storm him ;
The dear girl wants to marry him
In order to reform him.

McLandburgh Wilson.

MRS. VON BLUMER: I complimented your husband yesterday on his skill in taking care of the baby.

MRS. DIMPLETON: Oh, dear, what did you do that for? He thinks he is only playing with him.

The Summer Girl Formula

S { he
he

The Supremacy of the Unimportant.



AT last the fruit of his life-work and the life-work of his father and grandfather, of three generations of astronomers, was within the grasp of the aged student of the stars. Mars was at the point in its thirteen-year cycle most favorable for Earthly observation and communication. Communication with Mars, the dream of centuries, the impossibility of the ages, was his. For the first time in the infinite history of the universe an inhabitant of one world would exchange thoughts with the inhabitant of another. The mysteries of the cosmos would be bared. In all the universe the aged astronomer and the Martian with whom he had established communication would be the joint kings of achievement.

The thin violet ray from Mars met, paralleled and mingled with the like violet ray from the instrument under the aged astronomer's hand. The united ray, fierce with the measureless energy of the mysterious power of light, pulsed and vibrated with the surge of thought-waves from the almost superhumanly-developed minds of the masters of science. So passionately eager was each to convey his thoughts to the other that there was no order. Each showered the mind of the other with his rush of thought-waves, but neither comprehended. As the whirling planets rushed on in their mighty sweep the time approached when the violet rays would no longer meet and mingle in parallel lines, when the period of communication must end for the time. The Martian checked his thought-waves and made his mind receptive to the rush of thought from his earthly conferee.

"Have you watched us and known that there was life and intelligence here?" asked he of the Earth.

"Yea, for ages. We have watched your pretty works and see that you will soon, as we have for ages, travel and live in the air."

"Your instruments for seeing must be much more perfect than ours."

"We use no instruments for seeing. What we wish to see we see, whether it be near or distant or whether there be other things between. We see with our minds, as you and I talk now as the result of the long efforts of your fathers to learn to understand our thought-waves."

"And your people live so much longer than ours?"

"We do not live and die as you do. That which talks to you is the minds of many students mingled into one which has the power of all, which is renewed constantly and never ceases its work."

"Then you have been looking down to our sphere and studying us and our works for many cycles?" asked he of the Earth.

"We have been looking UP to your sphere during many, many revolutions around the great center, and have seen it change and develop with constantly increasing desire to communicate with your fellow-beings."

"It must have been that you looked down to us," insisted he of the Earth, "for it is upward that I look to you, upward that I am looking now."

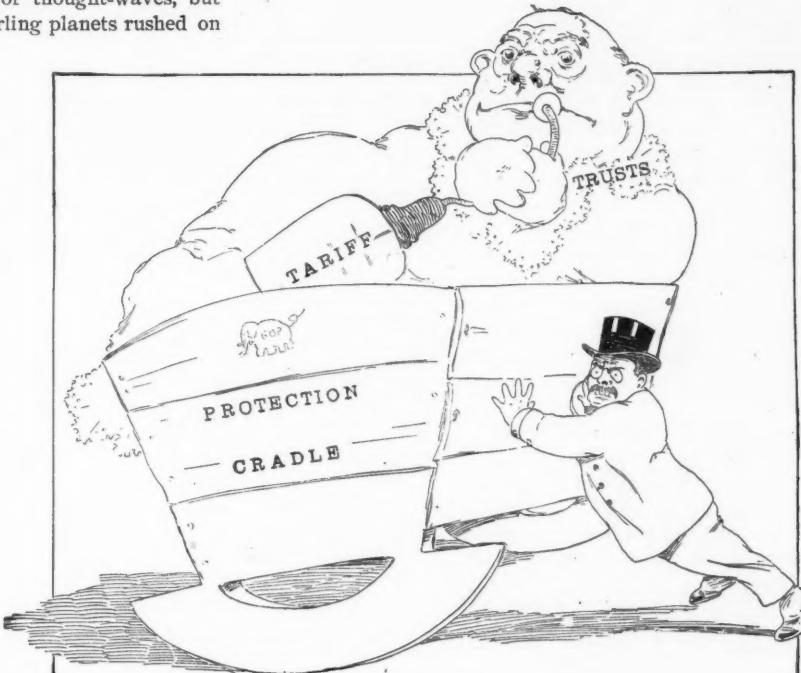
"No, you look down. I am looking upward," said the Martian.

"Do I not know what I am doing?" indignantly rejoined the he of the Earth. "I say that I am looking upward."

"You are a fool," said the Martian. "I am looking up myself and you are looking downward to me. If all of you are such fools as not to know the difference between up and down, we can learn nothing from talking with you."

And the violet ray from Mars flashed for an instant with an indignant crimson so fierce that the aged astronomer was partially blinded, and then it ceased.

Arthur Sperry.



PRESIDENTIAL CRADLE SONG, AS SUNG BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"SLEEP, MY LITTLE ONE,
SLEEP, MY PRETTY ONE,
SLEEP."

• LIFE •

Trouble Ahead?



vast majority of automobilists have an utter disregard for the rights of the public. I have seen this exemplified on more than one occasion near my own home. Only the other day I was out driving with Mrs. Cornell, when we met an automobile. I turned out to allow it to pass, and at that moment the big machine whizzed up behind us, crossed behind my carriage on the wrong side of the road, and was off in a cloud of dust like some screaming juggernaut. Luckily I have trained my horses so that they do not fear the machines, or I have no doubt that both my wife and I would have been killed.

I am certain that had I possessed a gun loaded with bird shot at that moment I would have shot the automobilist.

Now, can anybody—except a chauffeur—doubt for a moment that Mr. Cornell would have rendered a public service in filling that particular speeder with bird shot?

Is it possible that automobilists are ignorant of the feelings they constantly arouse even among the most law-abiding and conservative people?

Do they still hope that the American man, woman, child and horse are to be ultimately driven from the public highways by irresponsible chauffeurs? If so, it would be well to banish that hope. Otherwise, further outrages by automobilists may bring on an open war of violence against the drivers of these public nuisances. The great majority of Americans feel they still have a right to travel in safety along roads that were built for horses and not for racing machines.

Mr. Cornell is certainly temperate and truthful in saying:

The present law is absolutely inadequate to cope with the evil. Fines are of no avail, because the majority of the automobilists are rich men. Of late the law has been taken out of the hands of the magistrates.

The worst offenders, I think, are the nouveaux riches—persons who have suddenly become wealthy. They have never owned fast horses, have no conception of speed and are incapable of handling a fast automobile. It is these people, whose heads have been turned, that override the public's rights.

And LIFE, pleasantly, without excitement, would advise the auto driver, for his own interest, to cultivate better manners; and do it before some bullet from the husband of a mangled woman incites other citizens to a revolt that

shall drive these machines from every self-respecting highway, and for all time.

A Rising Tide.

ALAMENTABLE result of the war in the East is the flooding of our innocent land with literature upon Japan. It would seem as though all living authors had been for years secretly storing their minds with information, which they are now in haste to unload. We have books on old Japan, and books on new Japan, books on the true Japan, and books—I have no doubt—on the false Japan, though their writers are too uncandid to admit it. Little volumes of "Illustrated Japan" may be bought at our railway stations, as though the Pennsylvania Road ran to the gates of Tokio. Everybody who has ever been—or who has never been—to Japan is busy telling the rest of us all about it in the magazines. Japanese novels are making a formidable entry on the scene. Japanese plays have taken possession of our theatres. Short stories, purporting to be translated from the Japanese, but with a strange Occidental flavor about them, compete vigorously with stories about dogs and grizzly bears. The high-souled Japanese maiden; the noble, acute and dignified Japanese lover; the wonderful Japanese peasant, so free from sordid stain; the wise and incorruptible Japanese official who would put Socrates to the blush,—these are now familiar figures in current fiction, and they force upon our souls the conviction that never, since the days of Prester John, has any race attained a level of wisdom and of virtue so sublime. "No vice is tolerated in our land, and, with us, no one lies."

By contrast with this swollen tide of enthusiasm, we have a few cold studies of Russian diplomacy, a few instructive papers on the Ural Mountains, a few red-hot stories of Russian despotism and injustice. These last are a trifle out of date. They would have carried more conviction thirty years ago. At present they somewhat resemble the "Grand Revival of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" which is the forlorn hope of the stranded theatrical manager. Madame Voynich, indeed, skilled by long practice, handles her horrors adroitly; and, were we not saved by mistrust, she would quickly exhaust our limited stock of emotions; but her feebler imitators leave us "more than usual calm." That genial magazine known as *The Strand* published recently a lurid tale of diabolic cruelty on the part of a Russian Count, which must have been left over from those thrilling days when Mr. George Kennan was turning his great Siberian prison crank, and the noise thereof sounded throughout the land.

It all seems a trifle overdone. The sympathy of one nation for another is based on its hostility for a third, and the recognized duty of authors is to cater to public sentiment. But public sentiment in this case is so very expansive that we wonder where we shall be led. Perhaps, when we have clasped Japan closer to our bosom, we may not love her quite so well. Homer's "blameless Ethiops," as George Eliot pointed out, lived at a comfortable distance from Greece.

Agnes Repplier.

THE subject of Thomas Lawson's tale of woe, which is appearing as a serial, is "Amalgamated Copper." He is going to tell us, he says, how the property that bears that name was contrived, and what happened to it. The subject ought to yield a good story and Mr. Lawson ought to be able to tell it. We are glad to see him try, for, on the whole, nothing happens in the world nowadays that is more dramatic, more complicated, and affects human life more widely and forcibly, than some of the operations of high finance. The biggest men are engaged in it; the biggest results are the issue of it. But the public knows very little about it. The men concerned in it themselves have the gift of reticence, and successfully inculcate reticence upon their servitors. We all know finally what has happened, but we seldom know how it came about. The motives for minding one's own business and letting the other sinners mind theirs are very, very strong, and they are potent not only with individuals, but with newspapers, magazines, and all the periodicals which constitute the apparatus of publicity. The public's best chance to know what is going on comes when there has been a big fight among big men.



WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

The Proper Time.

A COLLEGE education was roaming around in search of a job.

"Take off your coat," said a practical idea.

So the college education took off its coat.

"Now take off your waistcoat," said the P. I.

The college education did so.

"Now," said the P. I., "remove your collar and tie, your shirt, your—"

"But," interrupted the C. E., "there'll soon be nothing left of me."

"I know it," replied the P. I., "then you can begin."

SHE: Shall we go to church in the auto, dear?

HE: By all means. It's bound to break down before we get there.

A Rhyme of Pure Reason.

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE Proselyte,
Alone upon a mountain height,

Was Pondering upon the vain
Belief in non-existent Pain,
How nervous Dread of any kind
Was an Illusion of the Mind,
When coming down the mountain side
A dreadful Lion he espied.

The Proselyte said, "Mercy me!"
And quickly Scuttled up a Tree.

Next Morning at the rise of sun
There came an Unconverted One
Who saw the Proselyte at bay
And drove the hungry Beast away.

The Cynic said, "Aha! I see
Your Claim has got you up a Tree."
"Your judgment," said the Proselyte,
"Arises from Imperfect Sight.

"A Lion, to a Soul refined,
Is an Illusion of the Mind."

"If that's the Case," the Cynic said,
"Why show these human signs of Dread?"

"Why pass the night, secure from harm,
In yonder Elevated Palm?"

"Friend," said the Saint, "If you but knew!
This Tree is an Illusion, too."

"When in a Jungle, far from Home,
Where purely Mental Lions roam,

"It puts one more at Ease to be
Up some Imaginary Tree."

"How great is Mind!" the Stranger cried,
And went his way quite Eddy-fied.

Wallace Irwin.

Barred Out.

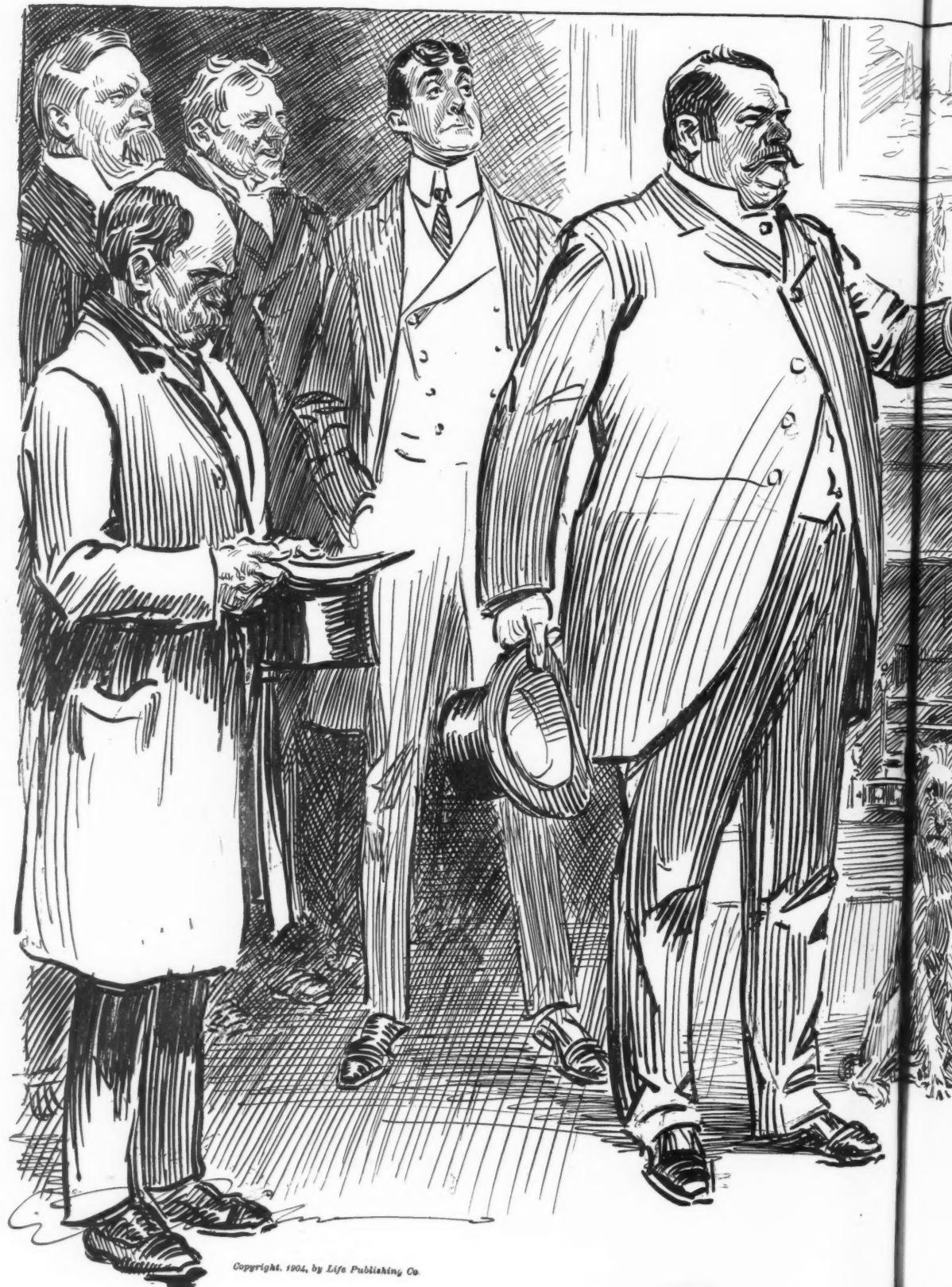
A BEAUTIFUL sunset was on its way to a man's soul, when it encountered a row of unpaid bills.

"You can't get over us," said the unpaid bills, "and you can't shine through us."



"MAKING LITTLE THINGS COUNT."

LIFE



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THE NOMINATION COMMITTEE
MR. TAGG IS PERSUADED TO RUN FOR

LIFE.



NOMINATION COMMITTEE.
S PERSUADED TO RUN FOR OFFICE.

Manchuria and Morals.



NEXT to that supreme test of race superiority, sandbagging a discolored and archaically-armed heathen, there is no pleasure so grateful to the soul of the sturdy and chivalrous Anglo-Saxon as the sight of two political and commercial rivals shooting each other into bankruptcy, what time he lingers around in prayer, waiting to pick up the unconsidered trifles of trade and territory the foolish fighters are too feeble to defend. Our jocund Anglo-Saxon brethren of Merrie England are enjoying both these exquisite pleasures simultaneously just now; for while those altruists of Asia, the obstacles to British missionary enterprise in the East, the Russians and Japs, are joyously disemboweling each other, the Briton is gaily gouging and gashing the gingal-shooting Buddhists of Thibet. It is an ideal situation, and as the newest member of the Grab-and-Gospel Association we are generously cheering on the prompt and predatory Briton. We may perhaps pick up some unearned increment from the scrap ourselves; unless some dull Democrat of the Declaration of Independence cult should incontinently unhorse the fiery Theodore and basely betray the glorious cause of international assault and battery, by insisting that American taxes shall be spent on mere American citizens only.

The Japs and Russians are earnestly and industriously establishing graveyards in the Cape Cod of Manchuria, with an altruistic view of securing the right to educate, elevate and exploit the unsoaped heathen of Korea, a sinful and guileful pagan, who abhors labor, flouts the missionary, obstructs civilization and impedes the White Man's Burden.

As between the ignorant Christian Russian, whose two hundred holidays *per annum* bring him into industrial contempt, and the enlightened Pagan Jap who squeezes eighteen hours *per diem* out of his brother, our progressive, uplifting, sweat-shop civilization has no hesitation in backing the shaven Pagan against the whiskered Christian. In this moral Land of the Lyncher we cannot forget Kishineff; and when we recall the flood of hopeless, soapless, tactful altruists it started towards our shores to rally round the Theatre Trust, we cannot forgive Kishineff. Later on, when the modest little Brown Man unites with the astute and toilsome Yellow Man, and not only pushes us but undersells us, it is possible our views may undergo review and revision. The pride of our superior race and the interests of our alcoholic civilization may impel us to impress upon the discolored races the unchangeable law of the Anglo-Saxon—the White Man sells, the other man buys—and if it becomes necessary to enforce this code, which is the law and the profits, we may do a little Kishineffing and Transvaaling on our own hook.

Meantime the Muscovite is attending experience meetings. Every week twenty battleships out of a possible five are sunk on him; his forts are stormed and his armies bayo-

neted and dispersed every Tuesday; his empire is devastated daily by cholera, conspiracy, cyclones and boll-weevils; and he is compelled to fight The Associated Press, *The London Times*, the British Veteran Experts of the Boer War, the Chefoo Munchausen Club, the Sons of Zion, the Ghetto and Get-there Company, and the Tokio Censor. These are terrible odds; and if the Russ did not have a tough constitution and wasn't something of a conversational expansionist and liar himself, he would have been sponged off the map of Asia long ago.

The Jap is much admired since he learned how to use a sandbag with neatness and dispatch; and as he has annexed some useful if glittering scraps of our civilization, he is able to compete successfully with our most admired distributors of hot air and gold bricks. The Jap blushingly admits he is an altruist; his sole interest in Korea is to introduce morals, cotton goods, trading stamps, and high ideals there; he wants an open door in China for his American friends; he doesn't need it, as he is an artist in breaking and entering. The Jap has studied his friend, the Briton, and has acquired his curves; and the man who questions the purity of the Jap's motives in Manchuria would suspect an Anglo-Saxon in Africa and doubt the disinterestedness of a Pennsylvania coal operator.

Some day when a free and unterrified press gets religion, when the Russ and Jap censors are doped, when Chefoo is reformed and *The London Times* passes out of the hands of the Scotch, we may find out what is going on in the Whang-Bang-Fang Peninsula and learn who lost and won. By that time we won't care even about the orthography of the war, for our Presidential election will be on, and we will be too interested abusing our neighbors and maligning our candidates to worry about a lot of off-color foreigners, or even to notice our amiable Christian friend, Johannes Taurus, digesting Thibet and advising us how to run an army and navy. We may sit up and take notice if a suggestion comes from John that pending the recovery of Russ and Jap the Anglo-Saxon might be appointed receiver for the goods, chattels and spoils of the combatants; otherwise we must stop expanding anything but our heads and chests until after election.

Joseph Smith.

He Knew.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT: So you are the little man that won the prize books, *The Lives of the Saints*, for good behavior. Now, what are you going to do with the books, my little man?

JOHNNY MIGGS: Gunner change 'em, sir, fer *Billy der Black Pirate* and *How Jimmy Raised der Ranch*!

BRIGGS: My stomach has bothered me ever since I came from New England.

GRIGGS: What's the matter with it?

"Well, it's in apple-pie order."

"IT says here in the paper that one-third of what a man eats enables him to live."

"I suppose the other two-thirds enables his doctor to live."



FROGVILLE SKETCH.

A LITTLE ARGUMENT BY THE ROADSIDE.

• LIFE •

Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE INELASTIC DOLLAR AND THE INVITED GUEST.

TENN sense fore lemmenade fore shee ann i.
tenn sense fore peenuts wch ile haft too bi.
tenn sense apeace for sidesho ann thatt maiks
Allmoast a haffa dollur thatt itt taiks
befoar we gett in the bigg tent a tall.
a sirkus maiks a dollur offle smal.
Ann wenn u pay another fifty sense
too gett us boath inside uv thee bigg tents
thatt leevs tenn sense ann iff she wants too stay
Too sea thee consurt part wot wil i say.

weel hafttoo have thee lemmenade ino
becuz thee day i ast hur iff sheed go
sheé sedd shee alwuz liked too go ann bi
redd lemmenade wenn shee is hott ann dri.
Uv kors u koudunt watch thee ellyfunts
ann nott hav peenuts, too sax fore tenn sense.
I gess ive gott itt figgered down uz lo
uz possibl ann taik in the hoal sho
exscept thee consurt. iff shee wants too stay
fore thatt i wunder wot on urth ile say.

ive gott too taik hur cuz ive ast hur too.
i wish too goodnes i noo wot too do
Too kepe hur frum thee consurt ann nott no
ime tenn sense short uv haven enuf doe.
butt like us nott sheel stay rite thare ann i
wil hafttoo start too go ann tel hur wi.
Wot wil shee think uv me. i alwus thott
a dollur wuz an offle offle lott
Uv munney butt itt seams so turble smal
on sirkus day its hardly nunn a tall.

J. W. Foley.



SOME delightful essays appear in *The Double Garden*, by Maurice Maeterlinck. There are three chief factors in the literary personality of Maeterlinck, the essayist: he is an interpreter of Maeterlinck in terms of Nature rather than an interpreter of Nature in terms of Maeterlinck: he has exquisite delicacy of imagery and thought; he has a quasi-hypnotic quality of style. M. de Mattos has rendered the latter with almost perfect fidelity in his remarkable translations, and English readers are deeply beholden to him.

The series of adventures which Van Tassel Sutphen has described in *The Gates of Chance* suggests a copartnership between Haroun al Rashid and Sherlock Holmes, with offices in New York. The tales rank as fair in a class

of imaginative stories which, according to the reader's point of view, are dubbed "pure foolishness" or "good yarns."

Another series of adventures, which yield nothing to the last in the matter of improbability, but have the marked advantage of suggesting nothing but their original selves, are those woven by Edgar Jepson about the person of *The Admirable Tinker*. The Tinker is a delightfully precocious youth who, in the course of the volume, attains to octogenarian wisdom and the age of twelve. The book is laughable, exciting and a sly take-off on the twentieth century innocents.

Like a devoted robin with a nestful of hungry fledglings, Doctor Cyrus Townsend Brady has returned after a short absence with another literary worm. Doctor Brady's large and clamorous brood have remarkable swallowing powers and perfect digestions, but, even so, we fear that *The Corner in Coffee* will be productive of pains in their mental tummies. As a study of human nature as she isn't, the book is unapproached.

Tomaso's Fortune is the title of a volume of sketches and short stories by the late Henry Seton Merriman. With the exception of a novel to be published in the fall, they are the last of Mr. Merriman's writings. They are extremely characteristic bits of local color and tragedy, gathered in Spain, Corsica and further afield, and make entertaining reading.

Miss Anna Farquhar's new Boston story, *An Evans of Suffolk*, is a negligible quantity in the season's fiction. It is by no means poor enough to warn against and is not good enough to recommend. Its character suggestions are good. Its backbone is a cheap and rather ineffectual melodrama.

The High Road, the anonymous autobiography of another "ambitious mother," is a clever pseudo-confession and one of the most amusing bits of recent social cynicism. The story, as a story, dwindles at the last to a lame and hurried conclusion, but this fault is more than atoned for by the quality of the preceding entertainment.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Double Garden. By Maurice Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

The Gates of Chance. By Van Tassel Sutphen. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Admirable Tinker. By Edgar Jepson. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

The Corner in Coffee. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. (G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.50.)

Tomaso's Fortune, and Other Stories. By Henry Seton Merriman. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

An Evans of Suffolk. By Anna Farquhar. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

The High Road. (H. S. Stone and Company, Chicago.)

Had to Be.

WITHERBY: That chap I'm going to bring out is very fussy about where he sleeps. He likes to be comfortable.

MRS. WITHERBY: Well, I can't help it. There is no other place for him but the guest chamber.

PRUDENCE was silent when Father Time came in.

"Why is it," said the old man, "that you never have anything to say when I'm around?"

"Because," replied Prudence, "you repeat everything."

FIREMEN rush into a house in response to an alarm of fire—are met by a small boy.

RALPH: Say, if the house burns down, don't save my flannels—'cause they scratch me.



A CORNER IN WHEAT.



THE ANGRY WAVE.

A PROTEST FROM HIS PREDECESSORS.

Remond

The Power of Silence.

WAYS of big men oft remind us
We might be as dumb as they ;
And, departing, leave behind us
Wise things that we didn't say.

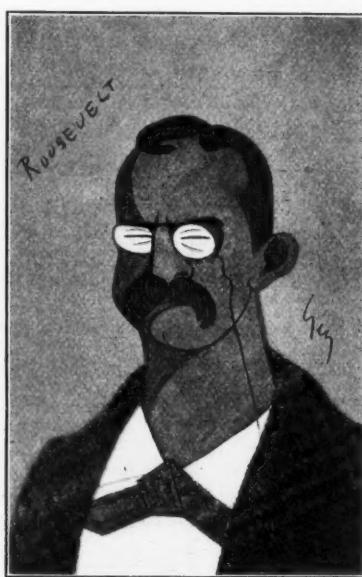
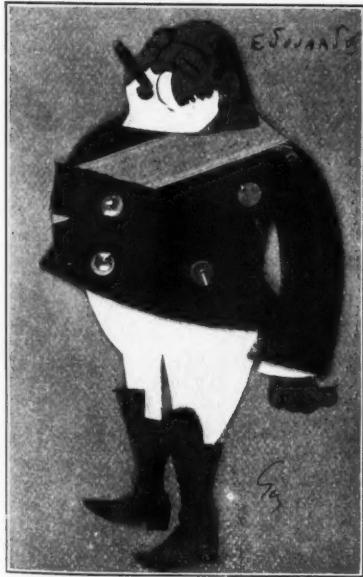
At the Art Exhibition.

FIRST JUDGE: Daubleigh is a
prolific painter, isn't he? How
would you estimate his work?

SECOND JUDGE: By the quart.

"HOW much was the gas bill?"
"Why, the man only came to
read the meter this morning."

"True. But the bill came yester-
day."



THREE MEN OF THE WORLD.

LIFE.



LAST Wednesday afternoon a gray-bearded man on a bicycle, wheeling rapidly down Seventh Street, encountered a loaded beer wagon at the corner of Stark. The biker wanted to turn down Stark, and the teamster wanted to turn up Seventh. A collision resulted, from which the elderly biker escaped with astonishing agility. His wheel was less fortunate, "sustaining" a bent frame and a broken rim.

The teamster had promptly brought his horses to a standstill, else it had gone worse for both bike and biker.

"Dot vos too bad!" exclaimed the driver, sympathetically, as the wheelman gathered his damaged property from under the horse.

"Too bad! Well, I should say so, but that don't buy bicycles. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"Vot vos I going to do aboud it?" repeated the driver in surprise.

"Yes, you were on the wrong side of the street. I was on the right-hand side. If you'd been on the right-hand side, where the law says you belong."

"Bud I vos on der same side mit you—if you vos on der right side, I vos too."

"No, you wasn't. Now I want to know what you're going to do about this?"

"Vot vos I goin' to do"—the driver was now thoroughly roused—"I vill tell you—you chust go py hell und ged out oof my way. Ged-ap!"—*Portland Oregonian*.

AT the Republican State Convention in Springfield, Ill., Senator Cullom and Speaker Cannon tried to get a popular ruling as to which is the handsomer man.

"If I had a face like yours, Joe," said the Senator, "I'd wear a veil or build a fence around it."

"And if I looked like you, Shelby," replied Uncle Joe, "I'd walk backward all the time. Your rear elevation isn't so bad, but the front façade is a bad botch."

"I'll tell you, Joe, we'll leave it to this little girl. She doesn't want any political job, and I guess she'll be honest," suggested Senator Cullom.

The little girl's mother was with her. "Which do you think is the best looking, Dorothy?" asked the proud mother.

The child looked at both out of big, frank eyes, and said: "I don't like to say, mamma, which I like best. I might f'end Mr. Cannon."—*Kansas City Star*.

MR. HILLYER was a heavy sleeper. He was a man, also, with a chronic fear of burglars. It was these two things that led him to have the window of



WHEN THE FLOWING TIDE COMES IN.

his sleeping-room equipped with a burglar-alarm of the latest and most approved description.

A few mornings after the device had been installed he came down to breakfast with a grin on his face.

"I had a funny dream last night," he said. "I dreamed that a burglar raised my window and the alarm went off, but he didn't seem to mind it. He rummaged the bureau drawers, found my watch and pocketbook, and slipped out the way he came in. By the way," he added, "I forgot to bring down my watch and pocketbook. I'll go and get them."

He went upstairs and returned in a moment with

an entirely different look on his face. The watch and pocketbook were gone. It had not been a dream.—*Youth's Companion*.

LAST spring Governor Odell met an old friend of his up in Newburg, his home town, and immediately asked how he was getting along on the airship he had been working on for years. The inventor had become disgusted with his mechanical progress, and when the Governor asked if the machine was a complete success, he replied: "Well, not quite yet. I have two things to accomplish before I can say that it is."

"What are they?" asked the Governor.

"I have to find out how to get my machine up in the air and how to keep it there."—*Argonaut*.

HICKS: I've got to borrow \$200 somewhere.

WICKS: Take my advice and borrow \$300 while you are about it.

"But I only need \$200."

"That doesn't make any difference. Borrow \$300 and pay back \$100 of it in two installments at intervals of a month or so. Then the man that you borrow from will think that he is going to get the rest of it."—*Somerville Journal*.

FIRST PHYSICIAN: So the operation was just in the nick of time?

SECOND PHYSICIAN: Yes, in another twenty-four hours the patient would have recovered without it.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

AN ordinary echo is a curious thing; but, according to the statements of a Frenchman at a watering-place in the Pyrenees, one echo on the Franco-Prussian frontier is far from ordinary. "As soon as you have spoken," said the Frenchman, who had secured an audience of wide-eyed tourists, "you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier it assumes the Spanish tongue!"—*Argonaut*.

"How long have you been married?" asked the prima donna.

"Only six months this time," replied the beautiful soubrette; "but putting them all together I suppose I've been a wife for three or four years at least."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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"Mr. Masson's verse is immensely entertaining."—*Ohio State Journal*.

"Clever."—*New York Evening Sun*.

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REDUCED RATES TO LOUISVILLE.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Biennial Encampment, Knights of Pythias.

On account of the Biennial Encampment, Knights of Pythias, at Louisville, Ky., August 16 to 29, 1904, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Louisville and return, from all stations on its lines, from August 15 to 15, inclusive, at rate of *single fare, plus \$1.00, for the round trip.* These tickets will be good for return passage to leave Louisville not later than August 31, when validated by Joint Agent at Louisville. Upon deposit of ticket with Joint Agent, not later than August 31, and payment of 50 cents, an extension of return limit may be secured to leave Louisville to September 15, inclusive.

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LIFE.



ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

A Mormon boy out in Utah
One day chanced to meet his own pa;
Cried the glad little one:
"Shake, pa; I'm your son!"
"Indeed?" said the man; "who's your ma?"
—S. E. Kiser in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

CUSTOMER (angrily): Look at these boots! I only bought 'em a week ago!

SHOPMAN: Ah! you must have been walking in them.

"Why, of course!"

"Ah, well, we only deal with carriage people here."—Ally Sloper.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

A LATE story of Irish wit is located in New Orleans. An Irishman boarded a train in which every seat except one was occupied by two people. This seat had as occupants a young sport and a large, shaggy dog. The Irishman stood by the seat expecting that room would be made for him. The young man did not take the hint, but regarded the other, who was poorly dressed, with ill-disguised scorn. At last the Irishman remarked: "That's a foine-looking dog ye have with ye. What breed is it?"

"It's a cross between a skunk and an Irishman," was the sneering answer.

"Sure, then, it's a relative of both of us," was the instant retort.—Argonaut.

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KILMORE: After all, Stedman isn't so bad a fellow. He came to me, man fashion, and took back all the things he had said against my people.

BURMAN: Did it voluntarily?

"Practically that. It is true I threatened to shoot him on sight if he didn't retract; but that was only a matter of detail."—Boston Transcript.

THEY were looking down at the gorge at Niagara. "Do you know," asked the guide, "that it took thousands of years to dig that channel?"

"Well, well, well! I never knew before that it was a Government job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

DASHAWAY: Have you got a cigar for a friend?

CLEVERTON (bringing out two and handing him one): Yes. Try this.

DASHAWAY: Not on your life. I'll take the other, which I see is one of Fonseca's. I don't want the cigars you give your friends.

DON'T gamble on the price of meat unless you are in a position to hold the steaks.—Philadelphia Record.

WHILE Secretary Hay was in the country one summer, an important piece of official business was pending, and he arranged with Washington that any news that might arrive about the matter should be telegraphed to him in cipher. Day after day he waited, but no telegram came. One morning, happening to go to the lonely little telegraph office, he said to the operator: "I suppose you have received no dispatch for me?"

"Why, yes, sir," the operator replied, "there was a dispatch for you the other day, but it was all twisted and confused. I couldn't make head or tail of it, and so I didn't think it was any use to send it up to you."—Argonaut.

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LIFE.

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Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account
G. A. R. National Encampment.

On account of the National Encampment, G. A. R., at Boston, Mass., August 15 to 23, 1904, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Boston, Mass., from all stations on its lines from August 13 to 15, inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be good for return passage, to leave Boston not earlier than August 16, nor later than August 20, inclusive, when executed by Joint Agent at Boston.

Upon deposit of ticket with Joint Agent on or before August 20, and payment of fifty cents, an extension of return limit may be secured to leave Boston to September 30, inclusive.

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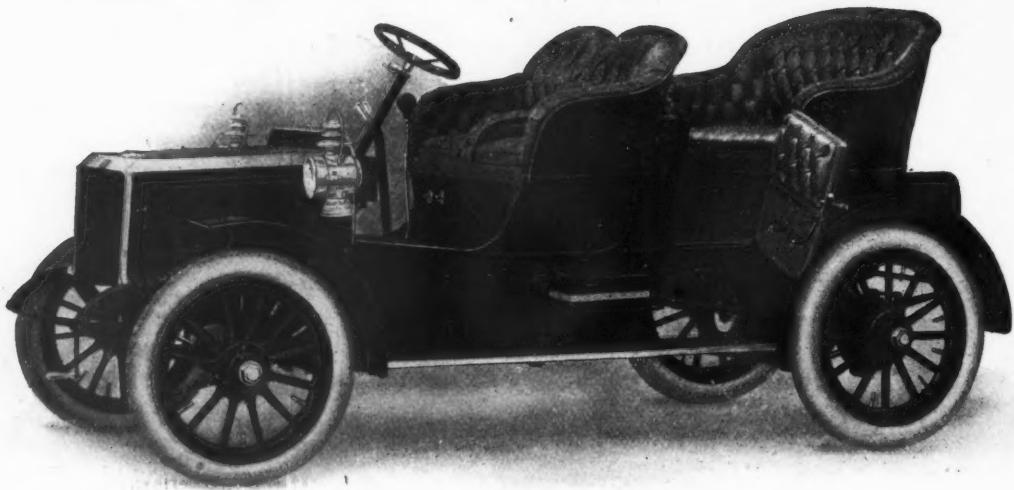
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